













## THE POETS' CORNER.

### THE LYRIC OF LIFE.

THE FATHER IS CORRUPT—BY HARRY HOWITT.

The clock is on the stroke of five.

The father's work is done;

Swamp up the stairs and mend the fire,

And put the kettle on!

The wild night-wind is blowing cold,

The dreary creaking of the wall.

He's crossing o'er the wall again,

He's stronger than the storm;

He does not feel the cold, nor hear;

His heart is in no war;

For father's heart is stout and true

As ever human heart can be!

He makes all toil, all hardship, light;

Would all men were the same,

So ready to be pleased, so kind,

So very close to blame!

—Folk never need be unkind, unkind,

For love hath never will than that!

—Stray, do not close the shutters, child,

For far along the lane

The little window looks, and he

Can see it shining plain;

I've heard his eye be to mark

The cheerful fire-light through the dark.

And we'll all that father likes!

His wishes are so few—

Would they were more! that every hour

Some wish of his I knew!

I've seen it makes a happy day

When I can please him any way!

—I know he's coming by this sign

That lady's almost wild;

See how he laughs, and crows, and stars,

Heaven bless the merry child!

His father's self in face and limb,

And father's heart is strong in him!

—Hark! hark! I hear his footsteps now—

He's through the garden gate

Run little Rose and open the door,

And do not let him wait!

Shout, baby, shout! and clap thy hands,

For father on the threshold stands.

## LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

### A TALE OF CIEFUEGOS.

It is now some three years since some person

from Buenos Ayres went to England, carrying

with him specimens of one of the most valuable

mines in the province and vicinity of Rioja.

These mines they represented as belonging to

himself, and by operating with persons on this

side they succeeded in disposing of them for an

immense sum of money. The English purchaser

formed a joint association, and sent out at

vast expense, men and machinery, for the

purpose of working the mines; but on their arrival,

they discovered that they had been duped, the

purchase of land belonging to the government.

Quiroga, who was then Governor of the

provinces, was applied to, and finding that there

was a possibility of turning their operations

to his own account, gave them permission to

work the mines, but without the title of proprie-

ties. They accordingly proceeded with their

work, expending large sums as they progressed,

until all was staked in this one enterprise.

They had begun to reap the realization of their

hopes from the product of the mines, when Qui-

roga commenced throwing obstacles in their

way, and exacting large amounts for the priv-

ilege that he granted them, flogging and even

imprisoning the workmen, and annoying them

to such a degree that at length the operations were

suspended, and the whole company totally ruined.

There was no means of redress, and those

who could get the means returned to Europe; but

there were many who were compelled by

necessity to remain, and among these were two

German, whose Christian names were Frederick

and Wilhelm. These two were devotedly

attached to each other, and might always be seen

together, sharing their means and striving for

each other's comfort and enjoyment.

Tyrants are always suspicious of those about

them, and Quiroga, to be in the fashion, imagined

that a conspiracy was on foot against his

life. Many persons were arrested under this

suspicion, and as well known names, Frederick

was more likely to entertain hatred towards him

than the two foreigners whom he had ruined, his

friend Wilhelm was arrested and imprisoned with

the rest. Frederick pleaded the innocence of

his friend, and begged his release. Quiroga

only smiled, and said that he would not be

tricked by words. The poor fellow became almost

desperate, and in this state of mind was one morning

informed that his friend was to be shot in the

afternoon. Those who knew him feared that this

announcement would drive him to madness, but

it was no sooner made to him than a change of

very different nature came over his mind in an

instant. He had entered, worried and fretted

himself into a feverish excitement, going from

person to person, and from place to place, to

learn influence, and often with tears in his

eyes; yet all had been without avail. But when

he heard the irrevocable sentence of death, a

deliberate calm came to take possession of his

soul, and with it came, as will be seen, a settled

determination to save his friend, even at the

sacrifice of his own life.

He immediately procured a fine horse, and

riding to the guard house, where Wilhelm was

confined, and which stood near the residence of

Quiroga, he dismounted, and leaving his horse

with the captain of the guard, said calmly:

"Captain, I am going to the Governor to ob-

tain a reprieve for my friend; should the Gov-

ernor send an order to that effect, you will please

give him my horse."

Having obtained a promise of compliance, he

proceeded to the house of Quiroga, and passing

the guard at the entrance, found him alone.

"Governor," he said, "you may know the ob-

ject of my visit; it is to intercede once more for

my friend. You have been so unkindly respect-

ing him; he is not capable of joining in any con-

spiracy, and is innocent of this charge. I beg

you to release him."

"Here is the Governor's order for the release

of the prisoner Wilhelm; he commands you to

deliver it instantly to the captain of the guard."

Then returning, he again fastened the door

and taking a seat, said, in the most quiet man-

ner possible:

"Now, Governor, I will have a half hour's

conversation with you."

Upon the margin of the order of release, Frederick

had written a few words in the German

language, directing his friend to take the horse

that the captain would deliver to him, and to

escape without a moment's delay, from the pro-

vince.

This self-sacrificing man conversed with Qui-

roga for a full hour. He spoke of the injuries

that himself and companions had so unjustly

suffered at his hands, and entreated him to

adopt a different course of conduct towards his

fellow men. "By humanity and goodness,"

said he, "you will win their confidence and love

to such a degree that you need fear no conspira-

cy against your life, but by pursuing your pre-

sent course, be assured that the sword of Damoc-

les will forever hang above you, ready at any

moment, even as it now is, to fall and destroy

you."

Wearied with his imprisonment, Quiroga at

length said:

"Well, Señor Frederick, you have accomplish-

ed your object, your friend is secure, and I sup-

pose you are ready to retire."

"After I have obtained from you a single

promise," he replied.

"Well, what is that?"

"I wish you to promise, on your honor, as a

Spanish American, that you will order no pur-

suit within one hour from this moment."

"I promise it," said Quiroga, taking out his

watch. "Go; if you can escape in that time

you shall not be harmed."

Bowing politely, the German retired; but he

had been more thoughtful on behalf of his friend

than he had appeared. He had provided to horse for

his own escape; and rather than lose the time

necessary to obtain one, he trusted in his ability

to reach the hills and thus elude pursuit.

As before stated, the Spanish regards his

word as more sacred than his life, and even Qui-

roga would not break his.

"With this watch in his hand, continued my

informant, he paced his apartment in frantic

impatience; and on the moment when the hour had

expired, he sprang to the porch, exclaiming:

"The hour has expired! A horse! a horse!"

He rushed to the door, and heaving the

door open, he brought the head of the foreigner

Frederick!"

Pursuit was instantly made in every direction

and it was not long before the poor fellow saw

the hunters on his track. He justly reached

the hills in time to escape, and he was not long

in entering the first refuge that presented itself,

he ran forward and took refuge in the narrow

cliff of a huge rock, hoping they would pass

without discovering him; but it was vain hope; there

he was found, and after fighting for his life, he

fell, pierced with a dozen wounds.

Wilhelm escaped into the province of Cata-

marca, and finally returned to Europe.

The substance of the interview between Qui-

roga and Frederick was made known by Qui-

roga to the English purchaser, who, over it, saying

that it was the best managed affair that he had

ever witnessed. [Col. King's four years in the

Argentine Republic.]

## DANISH JUSTICE.

War was raging between England and

France. Bonaparte had broken the treaty of

Amiens. All the Englishmen living in India

were perplexed and anxious; some for the fate

of their richly laden vessels, and one on the sub-

ject of their safe return to their native land.

Among the last I need myself, I sought a

long time for some vessel belonging to a neutral

power in which I might sail, and at length was

so fortunate as to engage a passage in a Danish

ship.

In all points where luxury was the question,

this ship appeared to me far behind those be-

longing to the East India Company; but it was

a better sailor and in discipline was equal to an

Englishman of war.

I could not have believed so much order, regu-

larity, and blind obedience could have been en-

forced in a merchant ship.

The first Lieutenant was one of the finest

looking men I have ever seen. For the rank to

which he had been promoted, without the ordi-

nary previous steps, he owed less to the circum-

stances of being the son of the owner than his

uncommon fitness for the place.

The only bad man we had on board was the

cook, a Portuguese by birth, and buried and of

a dark lowering aspect, and his great grudge

seemed to be in breeding dissensions among the

crew. His malignity of character had often

brought punishment upon him, and one evening

about the middle of the voyage, he had been

convinced by the first Lieutenant that he was

attending to poison one of the sailors.

No positive proof of the poisoning could be

found, and although all were convinced of his

guilt, he was released from further punishment,

his malignant nature was highly exasperated,

and he swore to be revenged on the Lieu-

tenant.

One fine evening, the Lieutenant came up with

his beautiful young wife, to walk on the deck.

They stepped to watch the flying fish, and

admired the stars and bright lights in the

sky. Suddenly, before any one was aware of

his intentions, the cook rushed forward and

plunged his knife deep into the heart of the young

man. He sank dead on the deck, and the

Portuguese sent forth a shrill, fiendish laugh.

The brave sailor fainting, the murdered

body, and the warm blood from his heart

streamed over her marble neck and face.

The Captain had been called and came run-

ning to the quarter deck. When he saw the

body of the Lieutenant, he wept like a child, for

he loved him like a son.

The crew were highly incensed, and would

have torn the murderer in pieces, if the Captain

had not interfered, and ordered him to be laid

in chains and kept for a fair trial.

The crew were lowered into the hold, and the

young widow was carried to her berth, without

the least returning consciousness.

At eight o'clock in the evening, I received an

invitation to the quarter deck. I followed the

Portuguese messenger and found the sailors

and crew of the vessel assembled. The sailors

all dressed in their Sunday clothes, ranged on

each side of the deck. The Captain sur-

rounded by his officers, stood on the poop.

The corpse of the murdered man stretched on a

board, lay before them, covered with a national

flag. The silence of death reigned around.

The sun near the horizon, lighted the group

with his parting rays. The sails hung on the

masts, without motion. I joined the group of

passengers. No one spoke a word.

The silence at length was broken by the

sound of feet, and the loud watch appeared,

Marching slowly to the quarter deck, holding

their short sabres in their hands. They were

the escort of the murderer. The officers formed

two lines, with the Captain at the head, facing

the approaching procession.

We looked at each other without speaking a

word. What was about to be done? We

looked one after another up to the highest mast,

expecting to see a noise prepared for executing